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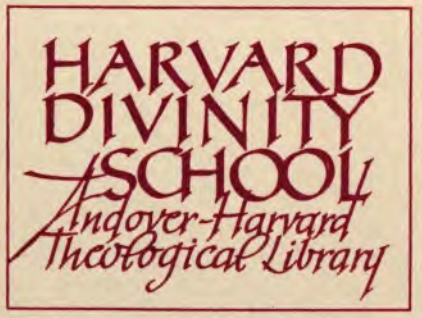

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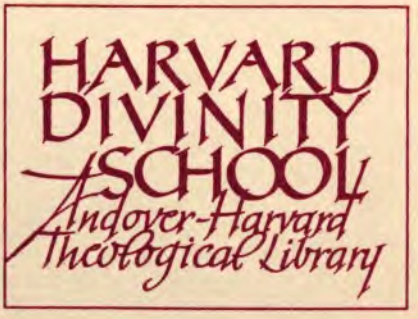

After Holbein. GB Black lithog.

Luther.

Luther, Martin, 1483-1546

Martin Luther's

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

TRANSLATED BY

R. MASSIE, ESQ.,

OF ECCLESTON.

LONDON:
HATCHARD & SON.
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1854.

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1854

Translator's Preface.

THOUGH Martin Luther is universally known, not only as the bold and uncompromising Reformer, but also as the author of many invaluable works in defence of the faith, few except his own countrymen are acquainted with him in the character of a poet and writer of spiritual songs: yet it was by these, scarcely less than by his practical and controversial writings, that he brought the doctrines of the Reformation home to the hearts and minds of the people. "Luther did as much," says Coleridge, "for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible. In Germany the hymns are known by heart by every peasant; they advise, they argue from the hymns, and every soul in the Church praises God, like a Christian, with words which are natural and yet sacred to his mind." If there be some exaggeration, there is also much truth in the remark of this highly-gifted man, and

there can be little doubt, that the Historian of the Reformation, who should omit all mention of these celebrated hymns, would overlook an important element in the accomplishment of that mighty work. "These hymns," says a modern writer, to whom we are indebted for an interesting chapter on Luther and his age,[1] "made a bond of union among men who knew little of Creeds and Articles: while Theologians were disputing about niceties of doctrine, every devout man could understand the blessedness of singing God's praises in good honest German, instead of gazing idly at the mass, or listening to a Latin Litany: the children learnt Luther's hymns in the cottage, and martyrs sang them on the scaffold." Many are the stories current in Germany respecting the effects of these hymns on the minds of the people. A pious man in Venice, upon reading Luther's Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, without knowing its Author, is said to have cried out: "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked." An eye-witness of the Reformation says of the hymn, "Dear Christians one and all rejoice,"[2] "who can doubt that by this hymn many

[1] Historical Sketches by J. H. Gurney.

[2] Nun freut euch Christen ins gemein.

hundreds of Christians have been converted to the faith of Jesus, who had never before heard of the name of Luther? but his noble and dear words won their hearts over to the reception of the truth; so that, in my opinion, the spiritual songs have contributed not a little to the spread of the Gospel."

It would, however, be a great mistake to attribute the popularity of these hymns altogether to the intrinsic merit of the poetry. There is no originality of thought, no splendid imagery, no play of fancy calculated to attract the reader, whose taste has been formed on the productions of the nineteenth century; but there is a simple beauty, a homely strength and plainness of language, and above all, a scriptural truth, which found their way to every heart in that less refined age. There is also a melody in the verses, which admirably fitted them for Church music. Many of the tunes were composed by Luther himself, and others were selected by him from those touching popular airs in which Germany has been always so rich.

It may not be amiss to hint at a few of the causes, which contributed to the prodigious effect produced by these hymns at the time of the Reformation, as well as to the permanent hold

which they have since kept upon the minds of the German people. The light of the Gospel had by God's grace again risen upon benighted Christendom; Luther's translation of the Bible was already in the hands of the people, and was read by them with eagerness; their minds were opening to the light, their hearts were tuned to praise; but there were no suitable hymns, wherein they could give utterance to their newly awakened feelings. There were indeed hymns of the Ancient Catholic Church, of some merit, and great antiquity, but they were written in Latin; there were likewise some fine old German hymns, still favourites with the people; but they were few in number, scattered here and there, and disfigured by Popish additions; gems of their kind, but dimmed by the dust of ages, and still worse incrustations of Popery.

Luther, himself a great lover of music and poetry, knew too well the influence of these fascinating arts over the susceptible minds of his countrymen, to neglect so powerful a means of advancing the great cause of the Reformation. Accordingly he applied himself vigorously to the task of reviving congregational singing, of which Christendom had been for centuries deprived. In this, as in other stages of his extraordinary

career, he shewed himself to be no rash and reckless innovator, who delighted in pulling down rather than in building up. He carefully sought out and retained whatever was true and valuable. He translated some of the hymns of the Ancient Catholic Church from Latin into German. He altered, improved, and gave a more Christian tone to some of the old hymns already alluded to, sometimes adding a new stanza to the old one with such such singular skill, that it seemed always to have belonged to it. Thus these hymns possessed the double advantage of being at one and the same time the cherished relics of antiquity, and the spring flowers of evangelical poetry, which the genial light and warmth of the Reformation had wakened into life. The permission to sing God's praises, as in the primitive ages of the Church, was a precious boon to the people. They who had been so long, in their public worship, the mere spectators of a Latin service which they could not understand, now poured out their hearts in words, which were not only sweet and familiar to their ears, but also pregnant with evangelical truth; no wonder that they learnt to associate them with all that is true, and pure, and holy; no wonder that they treasured them up as sacred deposits, out of

which they might bring forth things new and old, to comfort the afflicted, to instruct the ignorant, and to glorify Him who had done such great things for them.

Another cause of the popularity of these hymns may be traced to their coincidence in time, and identity in language, with Luther's new translation of the Bible. It must not be forgotten that Luther wrote for the people. He felt strongly, that since it was an especial privilege of the poor to have the Gospel preached to them, it ought to be preached in a language natural and familiar, and unembarrassed by conventional and scientific terms. Accordingly when he set about his great task of translating the Bible, he spared no pains in bringing to perfection his plain strong mother tongue, at that time rough and unpolished, like ore in the mine, but capable of being moulded by the hand of a master into an admirable instrument for the expression of those great and saving truths, so long hidden from the eyes of the people, and so wondrously brought to light by the Reformation. With what complete success this great and necessary work of reforming the language was attended is well known; the Reformation of the faith, and that of the German language,

both date from the same era, both acknowledge Luther as their Author.

It seems necessary to say a few words upon the plan which I have proposed to myself in executing the translation. My first aim has been to give the meaning of the original with accuracy and fidelity, for if these be essential to every good translation, they seem to be especially so to the translation of hymns like Luther's; since the slightest mistake, or, in some cases, even the change of a word, might involve the change of a doctrine, and thus destroy the interest which they possess, as a short and plain Epitome of the great Reformer's views.

My next aim has been to imitate the simple, idiomatic, biblical language of the original, for any attempt at finery or embellishment would mar the simplicity which constitutes their chief charm. I have also endeavoured, so far as I could do so without affectation, to throw an air of archaic dignity over them by using language somewhat older and more quaint than that in common use, feeling that Luther would be as unlike himself in the language of the present day as the portrait of a man of the sixteenth in the costume of the nineteenth century. With the view of preserving still further the peculiari-

ties of the original, I have, with few exceptions, employed the same metres; I must else have sacrificed the rhythm and melody for which the hymns are so remarkable, and rendered them unsuitable for being sung to the fine old Lutheran tunes. I am aware that some of these metres will appear at first rather strange to an English ear; but it must not be inferred that they are irregular and capricious: on the contrary, many of them are very skilfully constructed, and some on the model of the Greek verse.

It seems to have been a favourite device of Luther's, as indeed it was of many of our English poets, to relieve the more stately march of the of the Iambic by alternating it with the brisker measure of the Trochee, as in the following examples. P. 11—

> All praise to Jesus' hallowed name,
> Who of virgin pure became, &c.

Again, p. 59, we have a good specimen of the intermixture of Iambic and Trochaic measure in "The Belief." In p. 75, the two first lines are Troch. dimeter, the third is Troch. dimeter cataleptic, and the last consists of a ditrochee followed by a diiambus. In p. 78, we have in

the original a double stanza repeated three times, the first part of which (der aufgesang) consists of—

1. Iamb. trimeter catalectic.
2. Troch. dim.
3. The same as the first.
4. Diamb. followed by ditrochee

1. Gŏtt sēī | gĕlō|bĕt ūnd | gĕbē|nĕdēī|et,
2. Dēr ŭns | sēlbĕr | hāt gĕ|spēīset |
3. Mĭt sēī|nĕm Flēīs|chĕ ūnd | mĭt sēī|nĕm Blū|te!
4. Dās gīb | ŭns Hērr | Gŏtt zŭ | gūtĕ.

In the second part (der abgesang) the two first lines are made up of a ditrochee followed by a dactylic dim. the third is formed of two amphimacers, and the fourth is a troch. dim. cat. thus—

1. Hērr, dŭrch | dēīnĕn || hēīlĭgĕn | Lēīchnām,
2. Dēr vŏn | dēīnĕr || Mūttĕr Mă|rīă kăm,
3. Und dās heī|līgĕ Blūt, |
4. Hīlf ŭns, | Hērr, ăus || āllĕr | Nōth.

The English language does not well admit of the adoption of this metre in every particular, but it will be found that the translation agrees in its general character, and that it is equally suited to the music. It would be tedious to

enter into further details; the little I have said may serve to prevent a hasty conclusion, that because the metres are unusual they are therefore irregular, and may perhaps induce those who are curious in such things to pursue the subject for themselves.

Such were the views with which I entered upon my task; how far I have succeeded in carrying them out my readers must decide, and especially that portion of them who understand German, and are therefore capable of judging whether the copy bears a faithful resemblance to the original. There is, indeed, a close analogy between the task of the translator and that of the portrait painter: both have the same object to attain, the same difficulties to surmount. The object is not only to make a true and faithful, but a lively and expressive copy of the original; the difficulty consists in not only copying the general outline and features of the countenance, but in imparting to them that life and expression without which the likeness cannot be a satisfactory one; still less will it satisfy those whose minds are deeply impressed with the beauty and loveliness of the original, and who regard with disappointment and jealousy any failure in this respect. Industry and perseverance may accomplish the

former, but the latter and more difficult part of the work requires the hand of a master, and for such a one Luther must, I fear, yet wait. "His harp still hangs upon the willow, disdaining the touch of any hand less skilful than his own." Yet I would fain hope that even in the imperfect dress which I have been able to give them, hymns which for more than three hundred years have been sung with enthusiasm by the German people, not only in the Churches of Germany, but even in the field and cottage, may touch a responsive chord in the hearts of their Anglo-saxon brethren, and tend in some small degree to uphold the great doctrines, which it has been too common for men in our day to vilify and decry.

For my own part, the longer I live, the more I learn to bless God for the Reformation and the Reformers, and the more I feel convinced that in a firm adherence to their doctrines and principles, so admirably embodied in our Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies, lies the best safety of our Church amid the perils which surround her.

Among these Reformers none stands so pre-eminent as Martin Luther, and why does he so? not only because he was the first to lay the axe to the root of the tree, but because he was pre-

eminently a man of faith. It was faith, living active faith, which enabled him at his Master's bidding to walk fearlessly on the stormy sea through which his path lay; it was faith which enabled him to brave Popes, Devils, and Emperor, and prompted the heroic reply when he was dissuaded from going to Worms, "I will go forward though there were as many devils in Worms, as tiles on the houses." Faith breathes in every line of that Hymn of Triumph

Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott,

which still exercises so potent a spell over the hearts of the German people, and was, as Ranke well observes, "the product of the moment in which Luther, engaged in a conflict with a world of foes, sought strength in the conciousness that he was defending a divine cause which could never perish."

May God give us a like precious faith, that "being steadfast therein, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, we may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally we may come to the land of eternal life."

R. M.

Eccleston, Oct. 1, 1853.

In the arrangement of the hymns I have followed that adopted in a neat little edition, Nutt, Fleet St. London, which being of a uniform size may be conveniently bound up with the translation. I have not, however, followed the Editor in his occasional deviations from the text, but have in all doubtful cases referred to the beautiful edition of Wackernagel, who has judiciously adhered to the original text.

I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of thanking the kind friends, from whom I have received aid and encouragement; and amongst others, I would especially acknowledge my obligations to the Rev. H. G. Bunsen, of Lilleshall, by whom my translation has been carefully revised, a task for which his almost equal acquaintance with both languages peculiarly fitted him.

I have likewise to thank a musical friend, with whose kind assistance the words have been carefully adapted to the music as arranged in "Filitz's Choralbuch," and Layritz's Kern des Deutschen Kirchengesangs, to which the references are given in the index. A little humouring will however be occasionally required, such

as playing two crotchets in the place of a minim and vice versâ, and attention must likewise be paid to the dots of repetition.

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* Different metre.

FROM

Martin Luther's Preface to his Spiritual Songs.

1527.

That it is good, and pleasing to God, for us to sing spiritual songs is, I think, a truth whereof no Christian can be ignorant, since not only the example of the Prophets and Kings in the Old Testament, (who praised God with singing and music, poesy and all kinds of stringed instruments,) but also the like practice of all Christendom from the beginning, especially in respect of Psalms, is well known to every one: yea, St. Paul doth also appoint the same, 1 Corinthians 14, and command the Colossians in the 3rd

chapter to sing spiritual songs and psalms from the heart unto the Lord, that thereby the word of God and Christian doctrine be in every way furthered and practised.

Accordingly, to make a good beginning, and to encourage others who can do it better, I have myself, with some others, put together a few hymns, in order to bring into full play the blessed Gospel, which by God's grace hath again risen: that we may boast as Moses doth in his song, Exodus 15, that Christ is become our praise and song, and that, whether we sing or speak, we may not know anything save Christ our Saviour, as St. Paul saith, 1 Cor. 2.

These songs have been set in four parts, for no other reason than because I wished to provide our young people (who both will and ought to be instructed in music and other sciences) with something whereby they might rid themselves of amorous and carnal songs,

and in their stead learn something wholesome, and so apply themselves to what is good with pleasure, as becometh the young.

Besides this, I am not of opinion, that all sciences should be beaten down and made to cease by the Gospel, as some fanatics pretend; but I would fain see all the arts, and music in particular, used in the service of Him, who hath given and created them.

Therefore I entreat every pious Christian to give a favourable reception to these hymns, and to help forward my undertaking according as God hath given him more or less ability. The world is alas! too idle and indisposed to train and teach our poor youth, so that we ought not in any way to give occasion thereto. God grant us His grace. Amen.

We have also, by way of good example, introduced into this little book the sacred songs of

holy writ, which the blessed Patriarchs and Prophets of old did compose and sing, that we may not be looked upon as innovators in this matter, but be able to point to the example of holy men in our favour. Therefore every Christian will see how these saints of old do praise (even as we do) not the works of men but the grace of God only, which surely ought not to be condemned, as we are, even though like us it should be despised.

1545.

The 96th Psalm saith: "sing to the Lord a new song, sing to the Lord all the earth." The service of God in the old Covenant, under the law of Moses, was very hard and wearisome, as they were obliged to offer up many and divers kinds of sacrifices of all that they had, both in the house and in the field, and this the people, who were idle and covetous, did very grudgingly, or for the sake of temporal advantage;

as the Prophet Malachi saith, 1st chapter: "who is there even among you, that would shut the doors for naught? neither do ye kindle fires on my altars for naught." But where there is such an idle and grudging heart, there can be no singing at all, or at least no singing of what is good. When we sing, both heart and mind should be cheerful and merry. Therefore God hath allowed such idle and grudging service to perish, as He saith further: "I have no pleasure in you saith the Lord of Hosts, neither will I accept an offering at your hand: for from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered in my name and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the Heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Therefore there is now in the new Covenant a better service, whereof the Psalm speaketh: "sing to the Lord a new song,

sing to the Lord all the earth." For God hath made our heart and mind cheerful thro' His dear Son, whom He hath given for us, to redeem us from sin, death, and the devil. He who believeth this in earnest, cannot help singing and speaking thereof cheerfully and with pleasure, that others may hear it likewise, and be attracted thereby. But when any man will not sing and speak of it, it is a sign that he doth not believe it, and that he doth not belong to the cheerful new Covenant, but to the old, dull, and joyless Covenant of the Law.

St. Paul writes to the Thessalonians, that they should not sorrow for the dead, as others who have no hope, but should comfort one another with God's word, as they who have a sure hope of the life and resurrection of the dead.

For that they should sorrow, who have no hope, is not to be wondered at, nor indeed

are they to be blamed for it, since being shut out from the faith of Christ they must either regard and love the present life only, and be loth to lose it, or after this life look for everlasting death, and the wrath of God in hell, and be unwilling to go thither.

But we Christians, who have been redeemed from all this by the precious blood of the Son of God, should by faith accustom ourselves to despise death, to regard it as a deep, sound, and sweet sleep, the coffin no other than the bosom of our Lord Christ or paradise, and the grave as a gentle resting place; as indeed it is in the sight of God, for St. John saith: 11. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," and Matt. 9. we read, "The maid is not dead but sleepeth."

Likewise also St. Paul in 1 Corinthians 15. doth put out of sight the unlovely appearance

of death in our dying body, and bring forward instead all the lovely and beautiful features of life, when he saith: "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour, (that is, in an ugly and vile form) it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

Accordingly we have swept clean away from our Churches all the Popish abominations, such as vigils, masses for the dead, obsequies, purgatory, and all the other mummeries which are practised for the dead, and will no more permit our Churches to be looked upon as places of lamentation and mourning, but rather as the Fathers named them "Cemeteries," that is, resting and sleeping places.

Therefore we sing no songs of mourning or lamentation over the grave, but cheerful songs of the forgiveness of sins,

rest, sleep, and the life and resurrection of the dead in Christ, in order that our faith may be strengthened, and the people stirred up to proper devotion.

For it is right and reasonable, that we should pay due honour to the burial of the dead, and perform the funeral rites in a way becoming that cheerful article of our creed, the resurrection of the dead, and in defiance of the dreadful enemy, Death, who so shamefully and continually preyeth upon us in every horrid shape and manner.

Accordingly, as we read, the holy Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, &c., kept their burials with great pomp, and ordered them with much diligence; and afterwards the Kings of Judah paid great honour to the bodies of the dead using incense of divers costly spices over them, in order to rob death of its horrors, and to honour and confess openly the resurrection of the dead, that they might thereby comfort the weak in faith and sorrowful in heart.

To this likewise belongeth, what Christians have always done in respect of the bodies and graves of the dead, treating them with honour, decorating them, singing over them, and adorning them with monuments. It is of the greatest importance that we be firmly settled in this doctrine of the resurrection; for it is our lasting, blessed, and eternal comfort and joy, against death, hell, the devil and all melancholy.

Therefore that such beautiful ornament of music, properly used, may tend to the glory of our blessed Creator and the edifying of Christians, that He be praised and honoured, and that we, having His holy Word impressed on the heart by sweet songs, be bettered and strengthened in the faith, may God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost mercifully grant. Amen.

Martin Luther's Spiritual Songs.

Martin Luther's Warning.

False masters now abound, who songs indite;
Beware of them, and learn to judge them right:
Where God builds up His Church and Word, hard by
Satan is found with murder and a lie.

Advent.

(WRITTEN IN 1524.)

SAVIOUR of the heathen, known
As the promised virgin's Son,
Come, Thou wonder of the earth,
God ordained Thee such a birth.

Lo! He comes! the Lord of all
Leaves His bright and royal hall,
God and man, with giant force,
Hastening to run His course.

To the Father, whence He came,
He returns with brighter fame;
Down to hell He goes alone,
Then ascends to God's high throne.

Thou, the Father's equal, win
Victory in the flesh o'er sin;
So shall man, though weak and frail,
By th' indwelling God prevail.

On Thy lowly manger Night
Sheds a pure unwonted light;
Darkness must not enter here,
Faith abides in sunshine clear.

God the Father, God the Son,
Praised be by every one,
God the Holy Ghost adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

Christmas.

A CHILD'S SONG AT CHRISTMAS, CONCERNING THE LITTLE CHILD JESUS.

(1535.)

From highest heaven, on joyous wing,
I come to you good news to bring;
Good news I bring, a plenteous store,
Whereof my song shall tell you more.

For unto you, this happy morn,
Of virgin meek and pure is born
A holy child, a gentle boy,
To be your bliss and chiefest joy.

It is the Christ, our God indeed,
The very help poor sinners need;
He will himself your Saviour be,
From sin and sorrow set you free.

To you the blessedness He bears,
Which God the Father's love prepares,
That, in His heavenly kingdom blest,
You may with us for ever rest.

So mark ye well the signs I shew,
The swaddling bands and manger low;
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the universe was made.

Then let us all right merry be,
And with the shepherds go and see
The gift which God to us hath given,
His own dear Son, sent down from heaven.

Mark thou, my heart, look well mine eyes,
What yonder in the manger lies!
What child is that so wondrous fair?
The little Jesus lieth there.

Welcome, thrice welcome, noble guest!
The sinner's friend, the mourner's rest;
For coming thus to grief and me,
How can I thank thee worthily?

Ah! mighty Lord, who madest all,
How couldst Thou make Thyself so small,
To lie upon the coarse dry grass,
The food of humble ox and ass?

And were the world ten times as wide,
With gold and jewels beautified,
It would be far too small to be
A little cradle, Lord, for Thee.

Thy silk and velvet are coarse hay,
Thy swaddling bands the mean array,
With which e'en Thou, a king so great,
Art clad as with a robe of state.

And thus, perhaps, it pleased Thee
To make this truth quite plain to me,
That worldly honour, wealth, and might,
Are mean and worthless in Thy sight.

Ah! Jesus, lay thy gentle head,
And make Thyself a clean soft bed
Here in the corner of my heart,
That I and Thou may never part:

So will I ever joyful be,
And sing and dance right merrily,
As mothers sing, the cradle nigh,
Their sweetest softest lullaby.

Now praise we God on His high throne,
Who giveth us His only Son!
Such the good news the angels bring,
Such the new year of which they sing.

Christmas.

II.

(1543.)

To shepherds, as they watched by night,
Appeared a troop of angels bright;
Behold the tender babe, they said,
In yonder lowly manger laid,

At Bethlehem, in David's town,
As Micah did of old make known;
'Tis Jesus Christ your Lord and King,
Who doth to all salvation bring.

Rejoice ye, then, that through His Son
God is with sinners now at one;
Made like yourselves of flesh and blood,
Your brother is th' eternal Good.

What harm can sin and death then do?
The true God now abides with you:
Let Hell and Satan chide and chafe,
God is your fellow—ye are safe.

Not one He will, nor can forsake
Who Him his confidence doth make:
Let all his wiles the Tempter try,
You may his utmost powers defy.

You must prevail at last, for ye
Are now become God's family:
To God for ever give ye praise,
Patient and cheerful all your days.

Amen.

Christmas.

III.

(1524.)

Now praise we Christ, the Holy One,
The spotless virgin Mary's Son,
Far as the blessed sun doth shine,
E'en to the world's remote confine.

He, who Himself all things did make,
A servant's form vouchsafed to take,
That He as man mankind might win,
And save His creatures from their sin.

The grace of God th' Almighty Lord
On the chaste mother was outpour'd;
A virgin pure and undefil'd
In wondrous wise conceived a child.

The holy maid became th' abode
And temple of the living God,
And she, who knew not man, was blest
With God's own Word made manifest.

The noble mother bare a Son,
For so did Gabriel's promise run,
Whom John confest and leapt with joy,
Ere yet the mother knew her boy.

In a rude manger stretch'd on hay,
In poverty content He lay;
With milk was fed the Lord of all,
Who feeds the ravens when they call.

Th' angelic choir rejoice, and raise
Their voice to God in songs of praise;
To humble shepherds is proclaimed
The Shepherd, who the world hath framed.

Honour to thee, O Christ, be paid,
Pure offspring of a holy maid,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Till time in time's abyss be lost.

Christmas.

IV.

(1524.)

All praise to Jesus' hallowed name,
Who of virgin pure became
True man for us! The angels sing,
As the glad news to earth they bring.
Hallelujah!

The everlasting Father's Son
For a manger leaves His throne;
The mighty God, th' eternal Good,
Hath clothed Himself in flesh and blood.
Hallelujah!

He whom the world could not inwrap
Yonder lies in Mary's lap;
He is become an infant small,
Who by His might upholdeth all.
Hallelujah!

Th' eternal Light come down from heaven
Hath to us new sunshine given;
It shineth in the midst of night,
And maketh us the sons of light.
Hallelujah!

The Father's Son, God everblest,
In the world became a guest;
He leads us from this vale of tears,
And makes us in His kingdom heirs.
Hallelujah!

He came to earth so mean and poor,
Man to pity and restore,
And make us rich in heaven above,
Equal with angels through His love.
Hallelujah!

All this He did to shew His grace
To our poor and sinful race;
For this let Christendom adore
And praise his name for evermore.
Hallelujah!

Epiphany.

(1541.)

Why, Herod, unrelenting foe!
Doth the Lord's coming move thee so?
He doth no earthly kingdom seek,
Who brings His kingdom to the meek.

Led by the star the wise men find
The Light that lightens all mankind;
The threefold presents which they bring
Declare Him God, and Man, and King.

In Jordan's sacred waters stood
The meek and heavenly Lamb of God,
And He who did no sin, thereby
Cleansed us from all iniquity!

And now a miracle was done ;
Six waterpots stood there of stone,
Christ spake the word with power divine,
The water reddened into wine.

All honour unto Christ be paid,
Pure offspring of the holy maid,
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Till time in endless time be lost.

Easter.

I.

(1524.)

Jesus Christ to-day is risen,
And o'er Death triumphant reigns;
He has burst the grave's strong prison,
Leading Sin herself in chains.
Kyrie eleison.

For our sin the sinless Saviour
Bare the heavy wrath of God;
Reconciling us, that favour
Might be shewn us through His blood.
Kyrie eleison.

In His hands He hath for ever
Mercy, Life, and Sin, and Death;
Christ His people can deliver,
All who come to Him in faith.
Kyrie eleison.

Easter.

II.

(1524.)

CHRIST lay awhile in Death's strong bands,
For our offences given;
But now at God's right hand He stands,
And brings us life from heaven:
Wherefore let us joyful be,
And sing to God right thankfully
Loud songs of Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

No man from Death could victory win,
O'er all mankind he reigned;
Alas! that cometh of our sin,
There was not one unstained:
Wherefore Death in triumph came,
And over us a right did claim;
He held us all in thraldom.
Hallelujah!

Christ Jesus, God's own Son, came down,
That He might us deliver,

And sin destroying, took his crown
From Death's pale brows for ever:
Stript of power, no more he reigns;
An empty Shape alone remains;
His sting is lost for ever.

Hallelujah!

It was a strange and dreadful strife,
When Life and Death contended;
The victory remained with Life,
The reign of Death was ended:
Holy Scripture plainly saith,
That Death is swallowed up by Death,
Made henceforth a derision.

Hallelujah!

Here the true Paschal Lamb we see,
Whom God so freely gave us;
He died on the accursed tree
So strong His love! to save us:
See! His blood doth mark our door,
Faith points to it, Death passes o'er,
The Murderer cannot harm us.

Hallelujah!

So let us keep the festival,
Whereto the Lord invites us;
Christ is Himself the joy of all,
The Sun which warms and lights us;
By His grace He doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended.

Hallelujah!

Then let us feast this Easter-day
On the true Bread of heaven;
The Word of grace hath purged away
The old and wicked leaven:
Christ alone our souls will feed,
He is our meat and drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other.

Hallelujah!

Whitsuntide.

I.

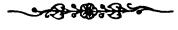
(1524.)

Come, Holy Ghost, Lord God, fulfil
With Thy rich grace, heart, mind, and will,
And each believing soul inspire
With Thine own pure and holy fire.
Lord, by the brightness of Thy light,
Thou in the faith dost men unite
Of every land and every tongue;
This to Thy praise, O Lord, be sung.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Thou holy Light and Guide divine,
O cause the Word of life to shine;
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father with delight.
Keep us, O Lord, from all strange lore,
That we may seek no masters more,
But with true faith in Christ abide,
And heartily in Him confide.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Sweet source of comfort, holy Love,
Send us Thy succour from above,
That in Thy service we may stay,
And troubles drive us not away.
Lord, with Thy grace our souls refresh,
Confirm our frail and feeble flesh,
That we through life and death to Thee
May press with Christian chivalry.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!



Whitsuntide.

II.

(1525.)

Now crave we of the Holy Ghost,
What of all things we need the most,
True faith in Christ, when life is ending,
And from this grief we home be wending.
Kyrie eleison.

Shine in our hearts, Thou worthy Light,
And teach us Christ to know aright;
Abiding in Thee, whose faithful hand
Hath brought us safe to our Fatherland.
Kyrie eleison.

Grant us Thy favour, heavenly Dove,
And let us feel the glow of love,
That we may live with one another
As brother ought to live with brother.
Kyrie eleison.

O Thou who hast so sweet a name,
Keep us from fear of death and shame,
Nor comfort in the hour refuse us,
When Sin and Satan shall accuse us.

Kyrie eleison.

Whitsuntide.

III.

(1524.)

Creator Spirit, Holy Dove,
Visit Thy people from above,
Fill them with graces, and restore
Thy creatures as they were before.

For Comforter is Thy sweet name,
A gift which from the Highest came,
A ghostly ointment from above,
A living fount, a fire of love.

Our minds enlighten, and inspire
Our souls with love's celestial fire;
And since Thou know'st how frail we be,
Confirm and make us strong in Thee.

Thou, with Thy graces' sevenfold band,
The finger art on God's right hand;
Thou dost the Father's promise send
With tongues to earth's remotest end.

Drive far away our wily foe,
And by Thy grace sweet peace bestow;
That in Thy footsteps we may run,
And soul-destroying mischief shun.

Let us by Thee the Father know,
His Son Christ Jesus also shew,
That full of faith, we may know Thee
Derived from both eternally.

To God the Father, and the Son
Who rose again, be honour done,
With Him, who came at Pentecost,
The Comforter, the Holy Ghost.

The Trinity.

I.

(1543.)

Thou who art Three in Unity,
True God from all eternity,
The sun is fading from our sight,
Be Thou our Sun both day and night.

We praise Thee with the dawning day,
To Thee at even also pray;
With our poor song we worship Thee,
Now, ever, and eternally.

Let God the Father be ador'd,
And God the Son, the only Lord,
And equal adoration be
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

Amen.

The Trinity.

II.

(1525.)

God the Father, be our stay,
When Hell's dread powers assail us;
Cleanse us from our sins, we pray,
Nor in our last hour fail us.
Keep us from the Evil One;
Firm in the faith abiding,
In Christ our Saviour hiding,
And heartily confiding.
Let us put God's armour on;
With all true Christians running
Our heavenly race, and shunning
The Devil's wiles and cunning.
Amen, Amen, so be done,
So sing we Hallelujah.

Jesu Christ, be Thou our stay,
When Hell's dread powers assail us.

Holy Ghost, be Thou our stay,
When Hell's dread powers assail us.

A Song concerning the Holy Christian Church.

REV. XII. 1—6.

(1535.)

DEAR is to me the Holy Maid,
I never can forget her;
For glorious things of her are said;
Than life I love her better:
So dear and good,
That if I should
Afflicted be,
It moves not me;
For she my soul will ravish
With constancy and love's pure fire,
And with her bounty lavish
Fulfil my heart's desire.

She wears a crown of purest gold,
Twelve shining stars attend her;
Her raiment, glorious to behold,
Surpasses far in splendour

The sun at noon;
Upon the moon
She stands, the Bride
Of Him who died:
Sore travail is upon her;
She bringeth forth a noble Son,
Whom all the world doth honour;
She bows before His throne.

Thereat the Dragon raged, and stood
With open mouth before her;
But vain was his attempt, for God
His buckler broad threw o'er her.
Up to His throne
He caught His Son,
But left the foe
To rage below.
The mother, sore afflicted,
Alone into the desert fled,
There by her God protected,
By her true Father fed.

Paraphrase of the Fourteenth Psalm.

1524.

The mouth of fools doth God confess,
But while their lips draw nigh Him,
Their heart is full of wickedness,
And all their deeds deny Him.
Corrupt are they, and every one
Abominable deeds hath done;
There is not one well-doer.

The Lord looked down from His high tower
On all mankind below Him,
To see if any owned his power,
And truly sought to know Him,
Who all their understanding bent
To search His holy Word, intent
To do His will in earnest.

Paraphrase of the Twelfth Psalm

APPLIED BY LUTHER TO HIS OWN TIMES.

(1524.)

Ah God! look down from heaven and see
A sight which well may move Thee,
Of godly men how few there be,
How lonely we who love Thee;
Withheld is thy pure word, the light
Of faith itself extinguished quite
In all the sons of Adam.

Fictions they teach with cunning art,
And lies of man's invention;
Not built on God's own Word, their heart
Is full of strange dissension:
One chooses this, another that,
And while they make us separate,
They boast their seeming union.

God would root out all heresy,
And of false teachers rid us;
Whereto they say, Tush, who is he
Who shall our speech forbid us?
We have the right and might alone,
And what we say must stand, we own
No other Lord or Master.

Wherefore, saith God, I will arise
Because of the deep sighing
Of him who sore afflicted lies,
For I have heard his crying:
My Word, endued with saving might,
Shall suddenly the wicked smite,
And be the poor man's comfort.

As silver in the furnace tried
Seven times to purify it,
The Word of God doth so abide,
The more we search and try it;
But in the Cross it shows most bright,
And manifests its strength and light,
Throughout the earth's dark places.

O God, preserve it pure and free
From this world's generation,
And let us be preserved by Thee
From all contamination:
The wicked walk about at ease,
When loose ungodly men like these
Are in the land exalted.

Paraphrase of the Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Psalm.

(1525.)

Had God not come, may Israel say,
Had God not come to aid us,
Our enemies on that sad day
Would surely have dismayed us,
A remnant now, and handful small,
Held in contempt and scorn by all
Who cruelly oppress us.

Their furious wrath, did God permit,
Would quickly have consumed us,
And in the deep and yawning pit
With life and limb entombed us;
Like men o'er whom dark waters roll,
The streams had gone e'en o'er our soul,
And mightily o'erwhelmed us.

Thanks be to God, who from the pit
  Snatched us, when it was gaping,
Our souls like birds that break the net
  To the blue skies escaping;
The snare is broken—we are free,—
The Lord our helper praised be,
  The God of earth and heaven.
Amen.

A Child's Song

AGAINST THE TWO ARCH-ENEMIES OF CHRIST AND HIS HOLY CHURCH, THE POPE AND THE TURK.

(1542.)

LORD, by Thy Word deliverance work,
And stay the hand of Pope and Turk,
Who fain from Christ would wrest the crown,
And hurl Him from His Kingdom down.

Lord of all Lords, to Thee we pray!
Lord Jesu Christ, Thy power display,
Poor Christendom defend, that she
May praise Thee in eternity.

Thou Comforter of priceless worth,
Give us one mind and heart on earth,
Be with us in our last dread strife,
And lead us out of death to life.

Hymn of Triumph.

(Probably composed in 1530, at Coburg, during the Augsburg Diet.)

A castle is our God, a tower,
A shield and trusty weapon,
He saveth us by His strong power
From all the ills that happen:
The old Arch-fiend, I trow,
Is in good earnest now,
Great might and cunning are
His panoply of war;
On earth there is none like him.

Stood we alone in our own might,
Full sure were we of losing;
For us the one true man doth fight,
The man of God's own choosing;
Dost thou enquire His name?
Christ Jesus we proclaim,
The God who armies guides,
There is no God besides;
In every field He triumphs.

What though the world should swarm with fiends
  Eager to tear and rend us,
We will not fear, if God befriends,
  Success shall yet attend us;
    The Prince who rules below
    No harm can do us, though
    He looks so fierce and grim;
    For Christ hath judged him;
  A little word can slay him.

Leave us they must Thy blessed Word,
  For which no thanks they merit;
With us abideth still the Lord,
  His gifts and Holy Spirit:
    Take, if they will, our life,
    Goods, honour, child, and wife,
    We freely let them go!
    They profit not the foe;
  With us remains the kingdom.

A Song

CONCERNING TWO CHRISTIAN MARTYRS BURNT AT BRUSSELS, IN THE YEAR 1523, BY THE SOPHISTS OF LOUVAIN

(1524.)

By help of God I fain would tell
A new and wondrous story,
And sing a marvel that befel
To His great praise and glory.
At Brussels in the Netherlands
He hath his banner lifted,
To shew His wonders by the hands
Of two youths highly gifted
With rich and heavenly graces.

One of these youths was called John,
And Henry was the other,
Rich in the grace of God was one,
A Christian true his brother.
For God's dear Word they shed their blood,
And from the world departed
Like bold and pious sons of God;
Faithful and lion-hearted,
They won the crown of martyrs.

The old Arch-fiend did them immure,
To terrify them seeking;
They bade them God's dear Word abjure,
And fain would stop their speaking.
From Louvain many Sophists came
Versed deeply in the schools,
And met together at the game;
The Spirit made them fools,
They could not but be losers.

Now sweet, now harsher tones they tried,
In artifice abounding;
The youths did firm as rocks abide,
The Sophists all confounding.
The enemy waxed fierce in hate,
And for their life blood thirsted;
He fumed and chafed that one so great
Should by two babes be worsted,
And straightway sought to burn them.

Their monkish garb from them they take,
And gown of ordination;
The youths a cheerful Amen spake,
And shewed no hesitation.

They thanked their God, that by His aid
They now had been denuded
Of Satan's mock and masquerade,
Whereby he had deluded
The world with false pretences.

Thus by the power of grace they were
True priests of God's own making,
Who offered up themselves e'en there,
Christ's holy orders taking;
Dead to the world they cast aside
Hypocrisy's sour leaven,
That penitent and justified
They might go clean to Heaven,
And leave all monkish follies.

They then were told that they must read
A note which was dictated;
They straightway wrote their faith and creed,
And not one jot abated.
Now mark their heresy! "We must
In God be firm believers,
In mortal men not put our trust,
For they are all deceivers;"
For this they must be burned.

Two fires were lit, the youths were brought,
But all were seized with wonder
To see them set the flames at naught,
And stood as struck with thunder.
With joy they came in sight of all,
And sang aloud God's praises;
The Sophists' courage waxed small
Before such wondrous traces
Of God's Almighty finger.

The scandal they repent, and would
Right gladly gloss it over,
They dare not boast their deed of blood,
But seek the stain to cover;
They feel the shame within their breast,
And charge therewith each other;
But now the Spirit cannot rest,
For Abel 'gainst his brother
Doth cry aloud for vengeance.

Their ashes never cease to cry,
The fires are ever flaming,
Their dust throughout the world doth fly,
Their murderer's shame proclaiming:

The voices, which with cruel hands
They put to silence living,
Are heard, though dead, throughout all lands
Their testimony giving,
And loud Hosannahs singing.

From lies to lies they still proceed,
And feign forthwith a story
To colour o'er the murderous deed;
Their conscience pricks them sorely.
These saints of God e'en after death
They slandered, and asserted,
The youths had with their latest breath
Confest, and been converted,
Their heresy renouncing.

Then let them still go on and lie,
They cannot win a blessing;
And let us thank God heartily,
His word again possessing.
Summer is even at our door,
The winter now hath vanished,
The tender flowerets spring once more,
And He, who winter banished,
Will send a happy summer.

Grace.

PARAPHRASE OF THE SIXTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

I.

(1524.)

May God bestow on us His grace,
With blessings rich provide us,
And may the brightness of His face
To life eternal guide us;
That we His gracious work may know,
And what is His good pleasure,
And also to the Heathen shew
Christ's riches without measure,
And unto God convert them.

To Thee let all the Heathen bring
Their joyful gratulations,
And all the world rejoice and sing
With psalms and acclamations;
For Thou, O God, wilt judge the earth,
Nor suffer sin to flourish;

The land no more shall mourn her dearth,
Thy word shall keep and nourish
In righteous paths all people.

O let the people praise Thy worth,
In all good works increasing;
The land shall plenteous fruit bring forth,
Thy word is rich in blessing.
Let God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit bless us,
To whom by all be honour done;
Let solemn awe possess us,
Yea fear Him all ye people.
Amen. Amen.

Grace.

II.

(1523.)

Dear Christians one and all rejoice,
With exultation springing,
And with united heart and voice
And holy rapture singing
Proclaim the wonders God hath done,
How His right arm the victory won;
Right dearly it hath cost Him.

Fast bound in Satan's chains I lay,
Death brooded darkly o'er me,
Sin was my torment night and day,
Therein my mother bore me;
Deeper and deeper still I fell,
Life was become a living hell,
So firmly Sin possest me.

My good works so imperfect were,
They had no power to aid me;
Freewill God's judgments could not bear,
Yea—prone to evil made me:
Grief drove me to despair, and I
Had nothing left me but to die;
To hell I fast was sinking.

Then God beheld my wretched state
With deep commiseration;
He thought upon His mercy great,
And willed my soul's salvation:
He turned to me a Father's heart,
Not small the cost! to heal my smart,
He gave His best and dearest.

He spake to His beloved son:
'Tis time to take compassion;
Then go, bright jewel of my crown,
And bring to man salvation;
From sin and sorrow set him free,
Slay bitter death for him, that he
May live with thee for ever.

The Son obeyed right cheerfully,
And born of virgin mother
Came down upon the earth to me,
That he might be my brother:
His mighty power doth work unseen,
He came in fashion poor and mean,
And took the devil captive.

He sweetly said: 'Hold fast by Me,
I am thy Rock and Castle,
Thy Ransom I myself will be,
For thee I strive and wrestle:'
For I am thine, thou mine also,
And where I am, thou art; the foe
Shall never more divide us.

For he shall shed my precious blood,
Me of my life bereaving;
All this I suffer for thy good,
Be stedfast and believing:
Life shall from Death the victory win,
My innocence shall bear thy sin,
So art thou blest for ever.

Now to my Father I depart
From earth to heaven ascending,
Thence heavenly wisdom to impart
The Holy Spirit sending;
He shall in trouble comfort thee,
Teach thee to know and follow me,
And to the truth conduct thee.

What I have done and taught, do thou
To do and teach endeavour,
So shall my kingdom flourish now,
And God be praised for ever:
Take heed lest men with base alloy
The heavenly treasure should destroy;
This counsel I bequeath thee.
Amen.

Grace.

III.

The 128th Psalm.

(1524.)

Happy the man, who feareth God,
Whose feet His holy ways have trod:
Thine own good hand shall nourish thee,
And well and happy shalt thou be.

Thy wife shall like a fruitful vine
Fill all thy house with clusters fine;
Thy children all be fresh and sound,
Like olive plants thy table round.

Lo! to the man these blessings cleave,
Who in God's holy fear doth live;
From him the ancient curse hath fled
By Adam's race inherited.

Out of Mount Zion God shall send,
And crown with joy thy latter end;
That thou Jerusalem mayst see
In favour and prosperity.

He shall be with thee in thy ways,
And give thee health and length of days;
Yea thou shalt children's children see,
And peace on Israel shall be.

Amen.

Law.

I.

(1525.)

Wilt thou, O man, live happily,
And dwell with God eternally,
The ten commandments keep, for thus
Our God Himself commanded us.
Kyrie eleison.

I am thy Lord and God, take heed
No other God doth thee mislead:
Thy heart shall trust alone in me,
Yea mine own Kingdom thou shalt be.
Kyrie eleison.

Honour my Name in word and deed,
And call on Me in time of need:
Keep holy too the Sabbath day,
That work in thee I also may.
Kyrie eleison.

Obedient always, next to Me,
To Father and to Mother be:
Kill no man, even anger dread:
Keep undefiled thy marriage bed.
Kyrie eleison.

Steal not, nor do thy neighbour wrong
By bearing witness with false tongue:
Thy neighbour's wife desire thou not,
Nor grudge him aught that he hath got.
Kyrie eleison.

Law.

II.

(1524.)

That men a godly life might live,
God did these ten Commandments give
By His true servant Moses, high
Upon the Mount of Sinäi.
Kyrie eleison.

I am thy God and Lord alone,
No other God beside Me own;
Put thy whole confidence in Me,
And love me in sincerity.
Kyrie eleison.

By idle word and speech profane
Take not My Holy Name in vain;
And praise not aught as good and true
But what God doth both say and do.
Kyrie eleison.

Hallow the day which God hath blest,
That thou and all thy house may rest;
Keep hand and heart from labour free,
That God may have His work in thee.
Kyrie eleison.

Give to thy parents honour due,
Be dutiful, and loving too;
And help them, when their strength decays,
So shall God give thee length of days.
Kyrie eleison.

Harbour no hatred, nor ill will,
Lest hate breed anger, and thou kill;
Be patient and of gentle mood,
And to thine enemy do good.
Kyrie eleison.

Be faithful to thy marriage vows,
Thy heart give only to thy spouse;
Keep thy life pure, and lest thou sin,
Use temperance and discipline.
Kyrie eleison.

Steal not, oppressive acts abhor,
Nor wring their life-blood from the poor;
But open wide thy loving hand
To all the needy in the land.
Kyrie eleison.

Bear not false witness, nor belie
Thy neighbour by foul calumny;
Defend his innocence from blame,
And hide with charity his shame.
Kyrie eleison.

Thy neighbour's wife desire thou not,
His house, nor aught that he hath got;
But wish that his such good may be,
As thine own heart doth wish for thee.
Kyrie eleison.

God these Commandments gave, therein
To shew thee, son of man, thy sin,
And make thee also well perceive,
How unto God man ought to live.
Kyrie eleison.

Help us, Lord Jesu Christ, for we
A Mediator have in Thee;
Without Thy help our works are vain,
And merit only endless pain.

Kyrie eleison.

The Creed.

(1525.)

We all believe in one true God,
Maker of the earth and heaven,
Who hath to us a Father stood,
And the name of children given:
He will ever feed and guide us,
Who our souls and bodies keepeth;
No misfortune shall betide us,
God our Guardian never sleepeth;
He careth for us day and night,
All things are in His power and might.

Also in Jesus Christ His Son,
Source of every joy and blessing,
In Godhead with the Father one,
Equal might and power possessing:

Of a virgin pure conceived,
Made true man for our salvation,
Thro' her faith who God believed,
And the Spirit's operation;
Slain on the cross by wicked men,
And by God's power raised up again.

Also the Holy Ghost we own,
Who sweet grace and comfort giveth,
And with the Father and the Son
In eternal glory liveth;
Who the Christian Church doth even
Keep in unity of spirit;
Sins are verily forgiven
Thro' the blest Redeemer's merit;
All flesh shall rise again, and we
Live with God in eternity.

Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

(1539.)

Our Father dear, which art in Heaven,
And hast to us commandment given,
That we should pray and call on Thee
As members of one family,
Grant that our prayers be not mere sound,
But breathings from the heart's deep ground.

Thy Name be hallowed! help us, Lord,
To keep in purity Thy word,
That we may live, as Christians ought,
Holy in word and deed and thought:
Keep us, O Lord, from all false lore,
The poor deceived folk restore.

Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, in power,
Both at this time, and evermore;
And let the Holy Ghost be nigh,
His gifts and graces to supply;
Break Satan's power, defeat his rage,
Preserve the Church, Thine Heritage.

Thy will be done, Lord God, in love,
On earth, as 'tis in Heaven above;
Patience in time of grief bestow,
Obedience in weal and woe;
Curb flesh and blood, or any ill
That sets itself against Thy will.

Give us our daily bread this day.
For needful things alone we pray;
From war and strife be our defence,
From famine and from pestilence;
That we may live in godly peace,
Free from all care and avarice.

Forgive our sins, the burden sore
Remove, that it affiict no more,

As we forgive both great and small
Their debts and their offences all;
Make us delight in serving Thee
In perfect love and unity.

Into temptation lead us not,
When Satan doth against us plot;
Upon the left hand and the right
O help us valiantly to fight,
Firm in the faith, an armed host,
Through comfort of the Holy Ghost.

From evil, Lord, deliver us,
The times and days are perilous;
O save us from eternal death,
And comfort us in our last breath;
Grant us a blessed end, and take
Our souls to Thee for Jesus' sake.

Amen, Amen: so let it be!
Strengthen our faith continually,
That so we firmly may believe,
What we here ask we shall receive,
Since in Thy Name, and at Thy Word
We pray to Thee. Amen, O Lord.

The Litany.

1. Lord,
2. Have mercy!
1. Christ,
2. Have mercy!
1. Lord,
2. Have mercy!
1. Christ,
2. Hear us.
1. Lord God our Father in Heaven,
   Lord God the Son, the Saviour of the world,
   Lord God the Holy Ghost,
2. Take pity on us.
1. Be gracious to us.
2. Help us, good Lord God!
1. From all sin,
   From all error,
   From all evil,

2. Deliver us, good Lord God!

1. From the craft and deceit of the devil,
   From unprepared and sudden death,
   From pestilence and times of dearth,
   From war and bloodshed,
   From hail and tempest,
   From insurrection and division,
   From everlasting death,

2. Good Lord, deliver us!

1. By Thy holy nativity,
   By Thine agony and bloody sweat,
   By Thy cross and death,

2. Help us, good Lord!

1. By Thy holy resurrection and ascension,
   In our last need,
   In the day of judgment,

2. Help us, good Lord!

1. We poor sinners beseech Thee,

2. To hear us, good Lord God!

1. And to rule and govern Thy holy Church,
   To keep all bishops pastors and deacons
   In Thy wholesome word and holy living,
   To hinder all conspiracies and troubles,
   To bring back all those who have erred,
      and been led away,

1. To tread down Satan under our feet,
To send true labourers into Thy harvest,
To give Thy Spirit and power to the Word,
To help and comfort all the afflicted and faint hearted,
To give peace and concord to all kings and princes,
To grant our Emperor constant victory over his enemies,
To guide and protect our prince with his mighty ones,
To bless and defend our council, schools, and commonalty,
To succour and defend all who are in danger and distress,
To give happy fruit and increase to those that are with child and that give suck,
To cherish and take care of all children and sick people,
To set at liberty the prisoners and captives,
To defend and provide for all widows and orphans,
To have compassion upon all men,
To forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts.

1. To give and preserve for our use the fruits of the land, and graciously to hear us.
2. Hear us, good Lord God!
1. O Jesu Christ, the Son of God,
2. Have pity on us.
1. O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,
2. Have pity on us.
1. O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,
2. Have pity on us.
1. O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,
2. Grant us constant peace.
1. O Christ,
2. Hear us!
1. O Lord,
2. Have mercy!
1. Christ,
2. Have mercy!

1. }
2. } Lord, have mercy! Amen.

Prayer.

III.

(1532.)

In these our days so perilous,
Lord, peace in mercy send us;
No God but Thou can fight for us,
No God but Thou defend us,
Our only God and Saviour.

Baptism.

A spiritual song concerning our holy Baptism.

(1543.)

To Jordan came our Lord the Christ,
To do God's pleasure willing,
And there was by Saint John baptized,
All righteousness fulfilling;
There did He consecrate a bath
To wash away transgression,
And quench the bitterness of death
By His own blood and passion;
He would a new life give us.

So hear ye all and well perceive
What God doth call Baptism,

And what a Christian should believe,
Who error shuns and schism:
That we should water use, the Lord
Declareth it His pleasure,
Not simple water, but the Word
And Spirit without measure;
He is the true Baptizer.

To shew us this, He hath His Word
With signs and symbols given;
On Jordan's banks was plainly heard
The Father's voice from heaven:
"This is my well-beloved Son,
In whom my soul delighteth,
Hear Him:" yea hear Him every one
Whom He Himself inviteth,
Hear and obey His teaching.

In tender manhood Jesus straight
To holy Jordan wendeth;
The Holy Ghost from heaven's gate
In dove-like shape descendeth;
That thus the truth be not denied,
Nor should our faith e'er waver,

That the three Persons all preside
At Baptism's holy laver,
And dwell with the Believer.

Thus Jesus His Disciples sent:
Go, teach ye every nation,
That lost in sin they must repent,
And flee from condemnation:
He that believes and is baptized,
Obtains a mighty blessing,
A new-born man, no more he dies,
Eternal life possessing,
A joyful heir of heaven.

Who in this mercy hath not faith,
Nor aught therein discerneth,
Is yet in sin, condemned to death,
And fire that ever burneth;
His holiness avails him not,
Nor aught which he is doing,
His birth-sin brings it all to naught,
And maketh sure his ruin;
Himself he cannot succour.

The eye of sense alone is dim,
And nothing sees but water;
Faith sees Christ Jesus, and in Him
The lamb ordained for slaughter;
She sees the cleansing fountain red
With the dear blood of Jesus,
Which from the sins inherited
From fallen Adam frees us,
And those we have committed.

Repentance.

A Paraphrase of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm.

(1524.)

From depths of woe I raise to Thee
The voice of lamentation,
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me,
And hear my supplication:
If Thou should'st be extreme to mark
Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
Oh! who could stand before Thee?

To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, Grace alone availeth;
Our works alas! are all in vain,
In much the best life faileth:
No man can glory in Thy sight,
All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On Him my soul shall rest, His Word
Upholds my fainting spirit;
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support,
I wait for it with patience.

What though I wait the livelong night,
And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in His might,
It doubteth not, nor feareth:
So let the Israelite in heart,
Born of the Spirit, do his part,
And wait till God appeareth.

Although our sin is great indeed,
God's mercies far exceed it,
His hand can give the help we need,
However much we need it:
He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Israël doth guard and keep,
And shall from sin redeem him.

The Lord's Supper.

I.

Christ who freed our souls from danger,
And hath turned away God's anger,
Suffered pains no tongue can tell,
To redeem us from pains of hell.

That we never might forget it,
Take my flesh, He said, and eat it,
Hidden in this piece of bread,
Drink my blood in this wine, He said.

Whoso to this board repaireth,
Take good heed how he prepareth;
Death instead of life shall he
Find, who cometh unworthily.

Praise the Father, God in Heaven,
Who such dainty food hath given,
And for misdeeds thou hast done
Gave to die His beloved Son.

Trust God's word, it is intended
For the sick who would be mended,
Those whose heavy-laden breast
Groans with sin, and is seeking rest.

To such grace and mercy turneth
Every soul that truly mourneth;
Art thou well? avoid this board,
Else thou reapest an ill reward.

Lo! He saith Himself, "Ye weary,
Come to Me, and I will cheer ye,"
Needless were the Leech's skill
To the souls that be strong and well.

Could'st thou earn thine own salvation,
Useless were my death and passion;
Wilt thou thine own helper be?
No meet table is this for thee.

If thou this believest truly
And confession makest duly,
Thou a welcome guest art here,
This rich banquet thy soul shall cheer.

Sweet henceforth shall be thy labour,
Thou shalt truly love thy neighbour,
So shall he both taste and see
What thy Saviour hath done in thee.

The Lord's Supper.

II.

STROPHE.

May God be praised henceforth and blest for ever!
Who, Himself both Gift and Giver,
With His own flesh and blood our souls doth nourish;
May they grow thereby and flourish!
Kyrie eleison.

ANTI-STROPHE.

By Thy holy body, Lord, the same
Which from Thine own Mother Mary came,
By the drops which Thou didst bleed,
Help us in the hour of need!
Kyrie eleison.

STROPHE.

Thou hast to death Thy holy body given,
Life to win for us in Heaven,
By stronger love, dear Lord, Thou could'st not bind us,
Whereof this should well remind us.
Kyrie eleison.

ANTI-STROPHE.

Lord, Thy love constrained Thee for our good
Mighty things to do by Thy dear blood,
Thou hast paid the debt we owed,
Thou hast made our peace with God.
Kyrie eleison.

STROPHE.

May God bestow on us His grace and blessing,
That, His holy footsteps tracing
We walk as brethren dear in love and union,
Nor repent this sweet communion.
Kyrie eleison.

ANTI-STROPHE.

Let not us the Holy Ghost forsake,
May He grant that we the right way take;
That poor Christendom may see
Days of peace and unity.
Kyrie eleison.

Death.

I.

(1524.)

Though in midst of life we be,
Snares of death surround us;
Where shall we for succour flee,
Lest our foes confound us?
To Thee alone our Saviour!
We mourn our grievous sin, which hath
Stirred the fire of Thy fierce wrath.
Holy and gracious God!
Holy and mighty God!
Holy and all-merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Save us, Lord, from sinking
In the deep and bitter flood.
Kyrie eleison.

While in midst of death we be,
Hell's grim jaws o'ertake us;
Who from such distress will free,
Who secure will make us?
Thou only, Lord, canst do it!
It moves Thy tender heart to see
Our great sin and misery.
Holy and gracious God!
Holy and mighty God!
Holy and all-merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Let not Hell dismay us
With its deep and burning flood.
Kyrie eleison.

Into Hell's fierce agony
Sin doth headlong drive us;
Where shall we for succour flee,
Who, oh! who will hide us?
Thou only blessed Saviour!
Thy precious blood was shed to win
Peace and pardon for our sin.
Holy and gracious God!
Holy and mighty God!

Holy and all-merciful Saviour!
Let us not, we pray,
From the true Faith's comfort
Fall in our last need away.
Kyrie eleison.

Death.

II.

(1525.)

In peace and joy I now depart,
It is God's will;
So full of comfort is my heart,
So calm and still;
As my God hath promised me,
Death is a gentle slumber.

This Jesus Christ hath done for me,
God's own dear Son,
Whom Thou hast caused mine eyes to see,
And made it known,
That my life alone is He,
My help in need and dying.

Him hast Thou unto all set forth,
Before their face,
And to His Kingdom called the earth,
In wondrous grace,
By Thy dear and wholesome Word,
In every place resounding.

He is the Heathen's saving light,
And help in need,
To lighten those who sit in night,
And also feed;
He is Israel's hope and stay,
His worship, joy, and glory,

Praise.

ISAIAH VI. 1—4.

I.

(1526.)

THESE things the Seer Isaiah did befall;
In Spirit he beheld the Lord of all
On a high throne raised up in splendour bright,
His garment's border filled the choir with light.
Beside Him stood two Seraphim, which had
Six wings, wherewith they both alike were clad:
With twain they hid their shining face, with twain
They hid their feet as with a flowing train,
And with the other twain they both did fly.
One to the other thus aloud did cry,
Holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth!
Holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth!
Holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth!
His glory filleth all the trembling earth.
With the loud cry the posts and thresholds shook,
And the whole house was filled with mist and smoke.

Praise.

II.

The Te Deum.

(1533.)

Lord God, Thy praise we sing,
Lord God, our thanks we bring.
Father in eternity,
All the earth worships Thee.
Both Angels and heavenly quires
All sing to their golden lyres,
Both Cherubin and Seraphim
Ever sing with loud voice this Hymn:
Holy art Thou our God!
Holy art Thou our God!
Holy art Thou our God, O Lord of Sabaoth!
Thy majesty and godly might
Fill all the earth and realms of light.
The twelve Apostles join in song
With the dear Prophets' goodly throng.
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Their voice to Thee in hymns of praise.
The universal Church doth Thee
Throughout the world confess to be,
The Father on Thine highest throne,
Thy worthy, true and only Son,

Also of Thee She makes her boast,
The Comforter the Holy Ghost.
To Thee, O Christ, all creatures bow,
The everlasting Son art Thou;
To save mankind Thou hast not, Lord,
The Virgin Mary's womb abhorred.
Thou overcamest Death's sharp sting,
Believers unto Heaven to bring.
At God's right hand Thou sittest, clad
In th' glory which the Father had:
Thou shalt in glory come again,
To judge both dead and living men.
Thy servants help whom Thou, Lord God,
Hast ransomed with Thy precious blood.
Grant that we share eternal rest
With thy dear Saints already blest.
Help us, O Lord, from age to age,
And bless Thy chosen heritage.
Nourish and keep them by Thy power,
And lift them up for evermore.
Lord God, we praise Thee day by day,
And sanctify Thy Name alway.
Keep us this day, and at all times,
From secret sin and open crimes.

For mercy only, Lord, we plead,
Be merciful to our great need.
Shew us Thy mercy, Lord, as we
Our steadfast trust repose in Thee.
We hope alone in Thy great Name,
O let us not be put to shame.

Amen.

Ode to the Holy Ghost.

Attributed by some to Luther, but by others with greater probability to Johann Frank, who lived 1618—1677.

Source of good, whose power controuls
Every movement of our souls!
Wind that quickens where it blows!
Comforter of human woes!
Lamp of God, whose ray serene
In the darkest night is seen,
Come, inspire my feeble strain,
That I may not sing in vain.

God's own finger, skilled to teach
Tongues of every land and speech,
Balsam of the wounded soul,
Binding up and making whole,
Flame of pure and holy love,
Strength of all that live and move,
Come, Thy gifts and fire impart,
Make me love Thee from the heart.

Bridegroom of believing souls!
Let me in the sheltering holes
Of the Rock of Ages find
Refuge from the stormy wind;
Like a bird unto its nest,
Flee away and be at rest:
Shine Thou Sun of grace and bliss,
Breathe upon me with Thy kiss.

Precious gift by God bestowed!
Come and make me Thine abode,
See! I languish, see! I faint,
Listen to my sad complaint,
Come, oh! come to me, my Love,
Come with unction from above,
That my heart may smile anew
At Thy soul-entrancing view.

As the hart with longing looks
For refreshing water-brooks,
Heated in the burning chase;
So my soul desires Thy grace,

So my heavy laden breast,
By the cares of life opprest,
Longs Thy cooling streams to taste
In this dry and barren waste.

Mighty Spirit, by whose aid
Man a living soul was made,
Everlasting God, whose fire
Kindles chaste and pure desire!
Grant in every grief and loss
I may calmly bear the Cross,
And surrender all to Thee,
Comforting and strengthening me.

Lord, to Thy safe keeping take,
When I sleep and when I wake,
Every feature, limb and bone,
Every thing I call my own;
That each word, and work, and way,
And e'en this my humble lay,
May, O heavenly Father, be
Good and pleasing unto Thee.

Let not Hell with frowns or smiles,
Open force or cunning wiles,
Snap the thread of my brief days;
And when gently life decays,
Take to Heaven Thy servant dear,
Who hath loved and served Thee here,
There eternal hymns to raise,
Mighty Spirit, to Thy praise.

Amen.

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